GIRL RELATES TALE OF WOE

Members of Holy Ghost Society Lure Company of Young Persons into Argentina, Where They Are Left to Awful Fate.

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

Philadelphia, Nov. 21.—Scattered in the Argentine Republic and India, eking out a miserable hand-to-mouth existence in strange countries thousands of miles from home, with all thought of missionary work long since banished from their minds, five men and 12 young women members of the Holy Ghost society, who left this city and New York nearly a year ago only one of the little band, Mabel Collins of 6133 Catherine street, has succeeded in reaching home, and that only after terrible hardships.

Starting away from Philadelphia a pretty girl of 18 years, Miss Collins looks like a woman of 50.

Expedition Scattered.

One girl of their number, she says, died on the pampas of Argentina; two girls are working in factories in Buenos Ayres, three of the men are driving ties on a South American railroad, two girls are in Indian harems, and one was captured by hill tribes.

"We were driven out of New York," said Miss Collins. "We were members of the Holy Ghost sect and we had the gift of tongues and went out to teach the rest of the world the real Christ. We decided to sail to London. We escaped a great shipwreck but they would not receive us there. Then six of us got the call to go to India. We went from London and reached Calcutta. In July, Mr. McElroy, who led us, thought we could do great things in India. Besides me, there were three girls from New York and two from Philadelphia.

"We nearly starved in Calcutta. We reached Benares a month later. There two of our girls disappeared. They were very pretty and there were some Indians we met who liked them very much. We were destitute and the girls, well, they just vanished. We didn't complain to the authorities, because we knew pretty well where they had gone. They are now in harems and I can't blame them much. We did not have the real gift and life was more terrible than I can tell you.

"Then we went north to Lucknow. Mabel Charles of New York was taken from us one night after we had camped for the night. Next morning all were gone and there were only three of us left, Mr. McElroy, Lillie Thomas and I, and we went back to Calcutta. From there we sailed to Buenos Ayres to join the others. One girl, May Simes, who went with them from Philadelphia, died on the Pampas. On the way to Rosario we were overcome by a storm. We had no covering of any sort and the cold was awful. May died and we buried her there. We had even harder times in Argentina than in India. Then my parents succeeded in getting me home. Our gift of tongues was not from God. It was from some devil."

Mrs. Collins said: "My husband and I pawned many of our household articles to raise the money to bring Mabel home. There are two other girls who are also writing home for funds, but their parents are unable to raise the money."

TRAIN WRECKERS QUICKLY CAUGHT

Two Men Seek Vengeance on Southern Pacific and Land in Jail.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

San Bernardino, Cal., Nov. 21.—C. Reatz and A. B. Parker, two young men, who had been kicked from the Sunset Express on the Southern Pacific, on which they were beating their way, made a desperate attempt to wreck the eastbound limited two miles east of Banning by burning a bridge over a deep gully yesterday.

The youths were captured and brought to this city tonight by Constable Creuvecour of Banning. The two young men, who were ousted from the train, immediately made preparations to take a terrible revenge on the railroad company. They piled a heap of brush under the west end of the bridge that the flame might be urged by the west wind and ignited the pile. Then they roughly scratched a letter in a sand bar underneath the bridge, stating that if this fire did not accomplish their revenge, they would build fires under bridges until their vengeance was satisfied. The blaze under the bridge was discovered in the nick of time by a section crew. The young fire fiends had chosen a point on the eastern grade of the San Gorgonia Pass, where the trains rush down towards the desert at terrific speed. The officers at Banning were notified, and they quickly overhauled the fugitives.

TOM RYAN WILL HAVE TO LEAVE

(United Press Leased Wire.)

New York, Nov. 21.—Through the efforts of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., who are determined to preserve the firm's credit with the holders of the $16,604,000 4 per cent refunding bonds, a complete reorganization of the Metropolitan Street Railway company will eliminate Thomas Fortune Ryan from any part in the transactions.

It is expected that it will take at least six months to perfect the reorganization, that Ryan in a responsible position with the new company will have to bear the "O. K." of the banking firm, and that when the receivers of the company finally give up their charges, Kuhn, Loeb & Company will stand as sponsors of the financial safety of the company.

It is the bankers' intention not to alloy any one man, shrewd in stock manipulation, to menace the securities the firm is responsible for.

Tries to Kill Saloonman.

Apparently intending to murder J. W. Kober, proprietor of a saloon at 60 North Third street, at 10 o'clock last night, Frank Jagdmann, employed on a river steamer, poked a gun in Kober's face and tried to pull the trigger. Before he could shoot he was disarmed and held until the arrival of the police. Jagdmann was drunk and had quarreled with Kober earlier in the day.

HAMMERSTEIN IN A NEW ROLE

Bubbling Love Letters Are Produced by Miss Frances Lee, Alleged to Have Been Written by the Great Impresario.

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

New York, Nov. 21.—To further substantiate her claim in her suit for $100,000 breach of contract which she has started against Oscar Hammerstein, Miss Frances Lee gave out excerpts from some of the letters which she claims Mr. Hammerstein wrote her during the 10 years and more of the acquaintanceship as impresario and singer. In the story told last night, Miss Lee claims damages in that she says that Mr. Hammerstein by his promises kept her from securing a place in grand opera.

Mr. Hammerstein went into details today and said that one little word covered everything in the suit.

"It is the word 'camaraderie,'" said Mr. Hammerstein. "I wrote the letter published, as I have written thousands of similar ones. My business is to force singers.

"Between us must exist that camaraderie. They are like spoiled children, often, you see. You have to coddle and encourage them and to force their latent talent, and often expend money to develop their voices. If I handled them tenderly, bid them go out into the woods and sing loudly, why, it does not point to anything but my interest in their success, that is all. It all comes from my power of success-camaraderie between manager and singer.

He Encourages Them All.

"I encourage them all as I did Miss Lee. She was not singled out for preference. Once I thought she would be great. Because I can't make them all stars, then I am sued. She may have other letters from me. I am looking for a good singer, whether she has letters or not. Miss Lee did have a good voice, but it did not improve; that was the trouble. I am not the defendant in a divorce case, am I?" asked the impresario, as he closed his talk and went on directing the arrangement of the scenery behind the curtain at the Manhattan opera-house tonight.

Miss Lee said she did not care to discuss the case. She said, in addition to singing for Mr. Hammerstein, she had cared for him and nursed him on several occasions when he was ill, and all this took up her time and kept her from pursuing her studies. When she was shown Mr. Hammerstein's interview, in which he said he had written a thousand similar letters, and it was necessary to coddle and force great singers, Miss Lee said:

"Well, if Mr. Hammerstein wrote such letters to all the singers he tries to force, he certainly must need a large corps of stenographers."

She added:

"Mr. Hammerstein was always as a father to me, and when he wished, none could be more kindly or more fatherly."

One of the Letters.

One of the letters dated August 15, 1905, reads in part as follows:

"At your departure on that hot June afternoon, you kissed me, you hugged me before a lot of people in a public place almost, and I felt I was leaving behind me two souls enraptured with me. I was a proud and happy man. Through seven years you had shared my efforts to lift myself from a terrible financial disaster into prosperity and prominence. You watched over me; you sympathized with me in temporary reverses and glorified with me in success.

"In your room at Forty-sixth street, at your side, I made my most prominent inventions and conveived and carried out my enormous enterprises. It seemed as if a genius was with me. When I left you you took my head in your hands and kissed my forehead and eyelids. It was a mingling of love and reverence. I repaid you for it by preserving for you and you alone every artery of love—a love so sweeping that every minute and moment of my existence contained a thought of you. Never in these seven years have I been untrue to you, even in thought. Your letters of late have been stereotyped in character, and cold, and when I thought of the last one, my blood stormed through my veins and I lay still on my bed, praying to be struck dead. I knew I was going mad. Was that my Bussie, my girl, my love, my wife in all but name, that had suddenly turned from me, writhing in mortal pain?

Oscar Is in Misery.

That she could turn away from Oscar—Oscar Hammerstein of whom the town is proud, who, even if I say it myself, towers above common mankind; of Oscar Hammerstein, the almost boy-like man with the heart of a girl, who never wronged a human being in his life, who had one pleasure in life, one happiness in his terrific struggle with adversity, who called Bussie his own, his life, his sunshine. Her flesh had grown into mine; her thoughts were mine. Why, that any man on earth could be allowed by her to touch the skin of her hand—I could not believe it—my mind was a liar. I ran away from the doctors—it was Friday—to come to Bethel on Saturday, to see if Bussie was Bussie or a phantom; but they told me that Bussie was in White Lake, at the Casino, with a jolly crowd. She in a jolly crowd, with the knowledge that I was mortally ill. —Your Oscar."

The above is an extract from a letter which Miss Lee says was written to her while she was in the mountains for the summer. She says that Mr. Hammerstein believed that she had a young man friend whom she cared more for than Mr. Hammerstein, but she said it was simply a matter of imagination.

More Endearing Missives.

An unusually interesting letter was the one dated July 31, 1900. It reads in part as follows:

"My Dearest Bussie—There came a letter this morning with ten pages, eight of which were about yourself. At last. Now I know that the stay in Bethel is doing good and that you think a little of me and also dream about a blonde woman. Well, let me confess, there is a blonde woman around me; as fine a looking woman as was ever born, with a big heart and a glorious soul; her name is Miss E. Elsicnarf, a soprano, and now, Bussie, I must kiss you, even if in thought only; I must see you and hug you and pet you. I can't stand it any longer, two weeks gone and not a kiss from anybody, but Saturday I am coming."

In the above letter by spelling the name E. Elsicnarf backwards it will be found it spells Francis Lee.

Miss Lee said today that at the time she did not at first understand the key when she received the letter and was quite put out for a time, thinking that Mr. Hammerstein really did have some other singer he cared more for than herself, but that he later explained the matter and showed where the joke came in. A letter dated August 12, 1900, read in part as follows:

"My Bussie, my own Bussie—How glad I will be when you are back and I will be sitting in my rocking chair with my Bussie opposite me, and to tell me her joys and her sorrows. How I love my Bussie, my only Bussie. A hug and a kiss. A thousand of them. Your Oscar."

One missive dated August 17, 1900, reads:

"I tried to get you live lobsters this morning, but unless they are set on ice they will not keep, so your lobsters will not come, but I am sending you one hundred million kisses, hugs, pettings. You great, glorious Bussie. Your Oscar."

SCENE AT CHICAGO CATHOLIC CONGRESS

NO MORE I'S FOR THE KAISER

In Speech at Berlin German Emperor Evidences His Submission to the Will of the Ministry — The Press Voices Approval.

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

Berlin, Nov. 21.—For the first time in his life, the kaiser today read in public a speech directed by his ministry. Instead of speaking extemporaneously, giving free vent to his opinion with frequent "I's" as has been his custom, he submitted to the safe guidance of a revised proof of a harmless, perfunctory address.

The drama of the submission of the emperor was played with every regard to public and theatrical effect, and stands as one of the most remarkable scenes in modern German history.

The occasion was the centennial celebration of the formation of the city council of Berlin. There was a great assemblage of notabilities, a tribune was set up for the imperial speakers, and the kaiser with his suite, accompanied by Prince Von Bulow, entered and arranged themselves about the platform.

Emperor Is Affected.

The emperor, very pale and visibly impressed, arose to ascend the steps of the tribune. It was his first appearance in public since the occasion of his memorable interview with the chancellor at Potsdam last Tuesday and both the emperor and chancellor knew that the present was really the trying out time.

After a few formal expressions his majesty made the following references to recent occurrences:

"I cherish a confidence that the bond of loyalty and affection which from ancient times our fatherland has so closely joined the king and the citizens, the prince and the people, always will remain unbroken. If, according to the words of the Prussian national hymn, 'The sun cannot always shine and dull clouds should never throw their shadow between me and my people.'"

Press Voices Approval.

The Norde Deutsch Zeitung, referring to the emperor's declaration to Von Bulow, on the occasion of the interview this week says the German press has almost unanimously expressed sincere satisfaction therewith, and adds:

"An overwhelming majority of the German people feel deeply thankful for the emperor's high minded resolve in the matter of his imperial duties as set forth in the Reichsanzeiger.

"The nation possesses," the paper continues, "a guarantee for the continuance of that confidence between the crown and the people, which in the past has given rise to such splendid achievements. His majesty's resolve appears the more high minded, because it was taken in spite of the undeniable exaggerations of the public criticism, which the emperor must have felt were unjustified."

CAPTAIN M'ELGIN MUST FACE TRIAL

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

Port Townsend, Nov. 21.—Accompanied by Captain Reeder, district adjutant, and Dr. Harris, post surgeon at Fort Warden, Captain High J. B. McElgin, commanding the One Hundred and Sixth company of coast artillery, stationed at headquarters, left tonight en route to Vancouver, Wash., where the officer will be taken before an army retiring board.

For some months past Captain McElgin's marked eccentricities have been commented upon by brother officers. The first outbreak came several months ago, when, called to account by Colonel Cummins, then commanding the district, for an explanation of the dissatisfaction existing in his command resultant upon over-strict enforcement of discipline, Captain McElgin retorted hotly. For this he was promptly ordered under arrest and disciplined.

CHINESE CELEBRATE ARRIVAL OF PRINCE

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

San Francisco, Nov. 21.—With the illumination of Dupont street tonight, Chinatown gave its first outward indication of its joy in receiving Prince Tsai Fu and Ambassador Tong Shan Yi, and their respective suites, who are bringing to President Roosevelt the thanks of China for the remission by the United States of the Boxer indemnity. Dupont street, from end to end, was made brighter than day by almost countless electric bulbs which were suspended in loops from side to side of the thoroughfare.

MAN IS NOT EQUAL OF WOMAN

Mme. Ferrero, Wife of Italian Historian, Has Ideas of Her Own Bearing on Economic and Social Relations of Men and Women.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

New York, Nov. 21.—"Do men love more or less than women?

"Are they more or less sensitive than women to physical suffering?

"Are they superior, equal or inferior to women mentally, and will they ever be equal to women morally?"

This in brief is the catechism I put this morning to Mme. Ferrero, wife the noted Italian historian now in New York, daughter of Caesare Lombroso, the world famous criminologist, and in her own country well known as a writer on sociology and economics.

"I have made an exhaustive study of the condition of women, particularly in the United States," Madame Ferrero said in reply to my first question. "I made a condensation of my father's great work on criminals for popular use. I have written treatises on various subjects bearing on the economic and social relations of men and women."

"Why should women seek to imitate men?" she asked me gravely. "Why pay men that compliment?

No Use for New Woman.

"I am not in sympathy with the femiest (or new woman) movement at all. The femiest are the most abject of all in their attitude toward men, because they put him upon a pedestal and try to be like him.

"Woman is not the equal of man. Man is not the equal of woman. Their roles are different and their faculties are different.

"But there can be no question of superiority between them. The finest woman can never be anything but a second-rate man. Why should she seek to imitate him at all? I, for one, would not flatter him to that extent.

"I assure you I do not think myself inferior to my husband, my father or my brother, but I recognize that my mental processes are not the same.

"I know men very well. I studied for 10 years at the University of Turin, and it was very curious to observe the different mental processes of men and women, often equally brilliant. Unquestionably women learn faster than men. But men retain what they learn more easily and more exactly. Another curious thing is that women can study five or six different subjects with ease at the same time. To men this is extraordinarily difficult. A woman student does not object to passing six or seven different examinations in as many studies in one day. To a man this is very embarrassing.

"Men are unquestionably greater criminals," continued Mme. Ferrero.

"Criminality in women is almost entirely limited to women of the underworld. Maternity holds women back from crime. Maternity is, of course, woman's great role. It is what has made her better morally than man."

"And will she always remain so?" I inquired. "Will an equal moral standard for both sexes ever prevail?"

"Never," replied Mme. Ferrero, smilingly. "If you expect to make men as moral as women. Of course to reduce women to the moral status of men would not be impossible, but it would be disastrous.

"Nature does not require morality as we understand it from man," Mme. Ferrero went on. "His right in the scheme of nature is supplementary; woman is the guardian of the species; man is merely an incident in its preservation. Today he devotes himself to make outside conditions the best for the mother and her family.

"It is my opinion that woman's work should be in the home. It would be best for the individual wife for work. She is freer, more independent, but it is bad for society as a whole.

"The wife who works outside does not exercise preserving care over her household. She does not see the hole in the curtain, the break in the chair, and have them attended to, consequently these things are thrown away, and that means social waste—a loss to society, even though the individual wife earns money for new curtains and chairs.

"Men love more intensely than women," promptly answered Mme. Ferrero, when I led her by a question from the chill precincts of economy into the warmer valley of the heart.

"Oh, yes for a time. Woman's love is more constant. It is a tranquil flame.

"Once a woman loves and has a child, she has attained her aim. She looks no further. It is natural for her to love one man, unnatural for her to be unfaithful. This often happens, particularly among modern women, but it is generally from the force of circumstances, not in their own natures.

"Love is not an end for a man as it is for a woman," Mme. Ferrero said.

"But while man loves, his emotions have much more force than woman's, at least in Italy.

"Do you believe women are less sensitive than men?" I asked.

"My father thinks so, and has done much to prove it," Mme. Ferrero answered. "But I don't agree with him. Women are more accustomed to pain, to suffering; therefore they show it less. The most timid woman would be ashamed to make the fuss on her death bed that a man does over a simple toothache.

"This is a very unimportant question, however. Why should we argue about the mental or emotional differences? Nature intended them to differ.

"I wrote a treatise, a study of fecundity in nature, which proves that, as far back in history of plant life as we can go, nature sought to produce two distinct different individuals.

"One thing I will say for my sex," Mme. Ferrero concluded, "I don't blame women in the least for her attempt to seize man's occupations. His own use of machines has tended to drive her from her home, but she should have fought for her home. She should have said: 'I will not go into the factory or the field.' Whatever men may feel on the subject of woman's invasion, they should realize that they have brought it upon themselves."

Most Reverend Diomede Falconio, special delegate of his holiness Pope Piux X to the Catholic congress in Chicago. The parade of 2,000 Catholics in the streets of Chicago, headed by Falconio, Bishops and priests. The first Catholic missionary congress ever held in America.

YES, BARKER'S FATHER HAS COIN

This May Account for the Fact That His Son Will Soon Leave Jail.

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

San Francisco, Nov. 21.—Bearing a reprieve from President Roosevelt, William J. Barker, a wealthy New York attorney, went to Alcatraz Island today and held a long interview with his son, William J. Barker Jr., who is to be released from the military prison next Wednesday.

Unusual privileges were accorded the father for the meeting with his son, Deputy Collector of the Port W. B. Hamilton placing the custom-house tug Hartley at his disposal and issuing instructions for his accommodation that indicated that the New York attorney had the cachet of very influential interests at Washington.

Young Barker was confined in the stockade with other military prisoners on the island when his father arrived on the Hartley. A room at the commandant's headquarters was assigned for their interview, which lasted nearly an hour. At the conclusion of the interview the Hartley cruised leisurely along the shore, landing Barker at Meigg's wharf.

Young Barker was a private of the Sixth cavalry and was in service in the Philippines when he was court-martialed and sentenced to three years' military imprisonment.

Barker, who is only 22 years old, was sent home from the Philippines on a government transport. He was taken immediately to Alcatraz Island.

The elder Barker and his friends in the east then began to exert their influence at Washington and finally succeeded in enlisting the attention of President Roosevelt in the matter. Barker's father would not discuss the remission of the sentence by President Roosevelt tonight when seen at his apartment.

SEYMOUR'S PRESENCE AT INQUEST THUS ACCOUNTED FOR

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

Los Angeles, Nov. 21.—Attorney Joseph F. Seymour Jr., a young lawyer of this city, although not acquainted with Morris Haas, the assailant of Francis J. Heney, was retained by Haas after the shooting of the assistant district attorney. A telegram dispatched the day after the Heney shooting he has in a safe-deposit box. He also has a statement from Mrs. Haas, signed by her, in which he is commissioned to act for her at the inquest.

It is said Mrs. Haas has stated at the coroner's inquest that she did not retain Seymour. He says such a statement is untrue.

HENEY CONTINUES TO GAIN RAPIDLY

(Hearst News by Longest Leased Wire.)

San Francisco, Nov. 21.—Although still unable to leave his bed, Francis J. Heney continues to gain rapidly in strength and his physicians are sanguine that they will have their patient robust and strong in a short while. A smile is beginning to hover about the lips of Mrs. Heney as she watches at the bedside of her husband. She is solicitous about his most minute want and all that tends toward his comfort.

VAST PROFITS OF PAPER TRUST

Publishers Pay Fifty Millions a Year Because of Arbitrary Advance — Labor Not Benefited by Excessive Prices.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Washington, Nov. 21.—"I seriously contradict the statement made by paper men here that there are no combinations or agreements to control prices."

This declaration was made tonight before the ways and means committee of the house at the tariff hearing by John Norris, representing the American Newspaper Publishers' association, who took for his text, "Free Pulp and Free News Print Paper."

He said one of the men who appeared before the committee represented a company that was recently fined $2,000 in a federal court for being in a combination in restraint of trade.

He charged that the paper makers had failed to give labor any of the benefits of the Dingley protective tariff, that they reorganized an illegal trust, had caused wide destruction of the forests, and had engaged in gigantic speculation in wood lands. An arbitrary advance of $12 a ton in 1907, he said, cost consumers $50,000,000 a year. The present price of news print paper, $55 a ton, was $20 above the price that prevailed when the Dingley bill was passed.

Norris declared that the International Paper company, with an antiquated outfit, made an average profit of 29 per cent for 10 years, and that labor was paid less than the wages that prevailed in Canada.

In a little cross fire with Chairman Payne, Mr. Norris ventured:

"I have no doubt that before the end of this session you will be for free pulp and free paper."

"You will probably be disappointed, as you generally are," was Chairman Payne's reply.

He was followed by four labor representatives, who also asked for free pulp and paper.

Arthur C. Hastings, of New York, president of the American Paper and Pulp association, spoke for the manufacturers. He denied the charges made by Mr. Norris as to there being combinations in the trade.

George Mayecord, of Chicago, representing the National Association of Lithographers, appeared before the ways and means committee today and asked that the tariff rates on lithographic prints and labels be raised. He said German competitors otherwise would monopolize the market.

SALEM MERCHANT THROWN IN JAIL

E. M. Kightlinger Refuses to Pay Alimony Ordered by the Court.

(Salem Bureau of The Journal.)

Salem, Or., Nov. 21.—E. M. Kightlinger was summarily committed to jail yesterday by Circuit Judge William Galloway for contempt. Kightlinger had refused to pay $20 alimony granted his divorced wife by the court. It is the first instance of the kind ever before the Marion circuit court.

Last June a divorce was granted Mrs. Kightlinger and $20 a month alimony for the support of two children, under 8 years of age. The wife has complained to the judge that Kightlinger had not remitted the alimony and so he was apprehended and now occupies a cell in the county jail. He is a well-known business man of Salem and proprietor of a machine shop.

MILE RECORDS ON LAND

Electric Locomotive Makes the Best —Auto Comes Next.

For convenience in comparing speeds made on land by various vehicles as well as by horses and men the following table of mile records has been prepared by a writer in the Metropolitan:

Electric locomotive, 27 seconds, 1903.
Automobile, 28⅘ seconds, 1906.
Steam locomotive, 32 seconds, 1893.
Motor paced cycle, 1 minute 6 1-5 seconds, 1904.
Bicycle, unpaced, 1 minute 49 2-5 seconds, 1904.
Running horse, 1 minute 35½ seconds, 1890.
Pacing horse, 1 minute 55 seconds, 1906.
Trotting horse, 1 minute 58½ seconds, 1905.
Man skating, 2 minutes 36 seconds, 1896.
Man running, 4 minutes 12¾ seconds, 1887.
Man walking, 6 minutes 23 seconds, 1890.

It will be observed that the difference between the locomotive and the automobile is trifling. For 100 miles the record of the steam locomotive is much better than that of the auto. However, both the electric locomotive and the auto may be expected to show further improvement, as their development is incomplete, while their steam brother has attained about the limit. The horse racing and foot racing records added to the table were all made in recent years. Evidently we breed better and train better than ever before.

MONEY IN DUST BIN

Bank Notes Curiously Discovered and Returned to Their Owner.

From the London Chronicle.

Ten 1,000 franc bank notes, epresenting the savings of a woman who lived at Nanterre, near Paris, were hidden by her in an old envelope, which was placed in a drawer. In a moment of forgetfulness the envelope found its way to a dust bin.

In the morning the ragpickers turned out the bin, but tossed aside the tattered envelope without inspection. Some carters happened to pass that way. They picked up the now mud-splashed piece of paper, one remarking to the other: "Perhaps there's a fortune inside." They drew out the notes. "This is some fool's pleasantry," they said; so by way of revenging themselves on the unknown joker and not believing the notes were genuine, they tore them to pieces and threw them aside.

Two market women came along shortly afterward. With the shrewdness of their class they recognized the scattered pieces of paper and gathered them up and took them to the commissary of police.

There they were pieced together and it was found that none was missing. Two hours later the notes so curiously discovered were restored to their owner.

Back Home

Nicoll the Tailor

WILLIAM JERREMS' SONS.

HAS RETURNED TO

108 Third Street.

And for a short time we will make

Garments to Order for Cost of Material and Making

Just to start things moving and to make it to your interest to look us up in our old location, just where we were before the fire.

We Will Be Ready for Your Orders at 108 Third St. Monday, November 23

Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Garments to order in a day if required. Full dress and tuxedo suits a specialty.

Nicoll the Tailor

WILLIAM JERREMS' SONS

108 THIRD STREET

UMBRELLA DEMAND

Changing Weather Ideal From the Salesman's Point of View.

"Naturally," said the umbrella salesman, "we sell more umbrellas when it rains than when it doesn't, but ideal weather for the retail umbrella trade would be found in a constant succession of days that started bright and clear and wound up stormy.

"To be sure we sell more or less umbrellas all the time, on clear days as well as on rainy. In time of peace prepare for war, you know, and that sort of thing, and there are people who buy their umbrellas and have them ready; but it is on such a day as I have described that we sell the most umbrellas.

"You take a bright and sunny and lovely day that promises to stay so and that holds so until along in the afternoon, a day on which the streets and the stores are filled with shoppers, and then let a storm come up, taking people unawares—then we sell umbrellas.

"On such a day we have customers here standing along the umbrella counter perhaps two or three deep, people buying umbrellas; on such a day we sell hundreds of umbrellas in one afternoon. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, don't you know? The rainy days are the bright days in the umbrella business."

Drummers in Paris.

From the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

"Yonder comes another pair of 'em," said the hotel clerk, nodding toward two drummers entering the lobby. "It's getting to be a great act among traveling men of late to move over the country in pairs. Those two fellows there always come together. They're in entirely different lines of business, too. They claim they can save money by traveling together not only on their hotel bills, but in other ways, and that the scheme has divers and sundry other advantages."

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was practically helpless and bed-ridden for many years from a double rupture. I wore innumerable different kinds of trusses and appliances. Some of them were tortures, some positively dangerous, and none would hold the rupture in its proper place. The doctors told me I could not expect to have it entirely healed unless I would consent to a surgical operation. I fooled them all, however, and cured myself completely and permanently by a simple method which I discovered. Anyone can use it, and I will gladly send the cure free by mail to anyone who writes for it. Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today. I will send the cure by return mail, postpaid.

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 798 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I wish you would send me your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name .....

Address .....